

THE DRAM-SHOP;

OR

A PEEP INTO A PRISON.

LOOK through the land from North
to South,
And look from East to West;
And see what is to Irishmen,
Of Life the deadliest Pest.

It is not Want, tho' that is bad,
Nor war, tho' that is worse;
But Ireland's sons endure, alas!
A self-inflicted Curse.

Go where you will throughout the Realm
You'll find that every vice,
In Cities, Villages and Towns;
From WHISKEY takes its rise.

The Prince of darkness never sent
To Man a deadlier foe,
"My name is Legion," it may say,
The source of every woe.

Nor does the fiend alone deprive
The labourer of his wealth;
That is not all, it murders too
His honest name and health.

We say the times are grievous hard,
And hard they are, 'tis true;
But, Drunkards, to your wives and babes
They're harder made by you.

The Drunkard's Tax is self-impos'd,
And hardest to endure,
Not all the Taxes half so much
Oppress the lab'ring poor.

The State compels no man to drink,
Compels no man to game;
'Tis vice and WHISKEY sink him down
To rags, and want, and shame.

The kindest husband chang'd by these
Is for a tyrant known;
The tenderest heart that Nature made,
Becomes a heart of stone.

In many a house the harmless babes
Are poorly cloth'd and fed;
Because the craving DRAM-SHOP takes
The children's daily bread.

It oft has robb'd the heedless youth
Of health and senses too,
And plung'd his never dying soul
In everlasting Woe.

Come neighbour take a walk with me,
'Thro' many a Dublin Street;
And see the cause of penury,
In hundreds we shall meet.



We shall not need to travel far—
Behold that great man's door;
He well discerns that idle crew,
From the deserving poor.

He will relieve with liberal hand
The child of honest thrift;
But where long scores at DRAM-SHOPS
stand
He will with-hold his gift.

Behold that shivering female there,
Who plies her woeful trade!
'Tis WHISKEY ten to one you'll find,
That hopeless wretch has made.

Look down those steps, and view below
Yon cellar under ground;
There every want, and every woe,
And every Sin, is found.

Those little wretches trembling there,
With hunger and with cold,
Were by their parents love of drink,
To Sin and Misery sold.

Blest be those friends * to human kind,
Who take those wretches up,
Ere they have drunk the bitter dregs
Of their sad parents cup.

Look thro' that prison's iron bars,
Look thro' that dismal grate;
And learn what dire misfortunes brought
So terrible a fate.

The Debtor and the Felon too,
Tho' differing in disgrace,
By WHISKEY you'll too often find,
Were-brought to this sad place.

Yet Heaven forbid I should confound
Calamity with guilt!
Or name the Debtor's lesser fault,
With blood of brother spilt.

* The Philanthropic Society.

To prison dire misfortunes oft
The guiltless debtor bring;
Yet oft'ner far it will be found
His Woes from WHISKEY spring.

See the pale Manufact'rer there,
How lank and lean he lies!
How haggard is his sickly cheek!
How dim his hollow eyes!

He plied the loom with good success,
His wages still were high;
Twice what the village lab'rer gains,
His master did supply.

No book-debts kept him from his cash,
All paid as soon as due;
His wages on the Saturday
To fail he never knew.

How amply had his gains suffic'd,
On wife and children spent!
But all must for his pleasure go;
All to the DRAM-SHOP went.

See that Apprentice, young in years,
But hackney'd long in vice,
What made him rob his master's till?
Ah! WHISKEY did entice.

That serving Man—I knew him once,
So jaunty, spruce, and smart!
Why did he steal, and pawn the plate?
'Twas WHISKEY fear'd his heart.

Turn now mine eye where Channel-row,
Displays yon mansion drear,
And ask each pale and shiv'ring wretch,
What misery drove him there.

O! woeful sight, say what cou'd cause,
Such poverty and shame?
Hark! hear his words, he owns the cause—
It all from WHISKEY came.

And when the future Lot is fix'd,
Of darkness, fire and chains,
How can the Drunkard hope to 'scape
Those everlasting pains.

Since all his claim to heaven he sells
And drink the bestial cause,
Rejects the price his Saviour paid,
And disobeys his laws,

For if the Murd'rer's doom'd to woe,
As holy writ declares,
The Drunkard with SELF Murderers
That dreadful Portion shares.

Z.

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